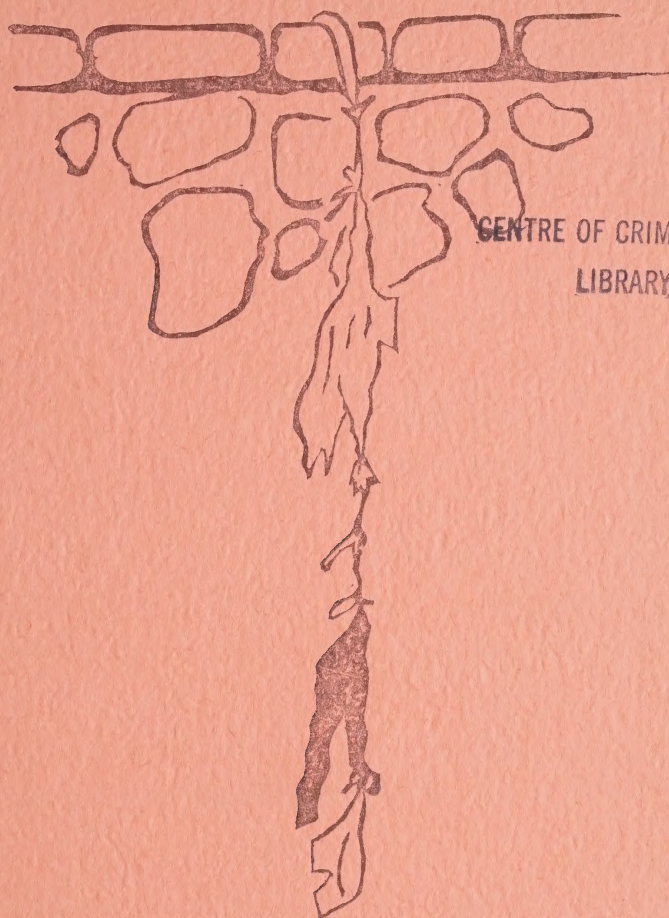


MOUNTAIN ECHOES



CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
LIBRARY



Volume 9

July 1960

Number 11



ADMINISTRATION

C.E. DesRosiers	Warden
J. Wickey	Deputy Warden
A.E. Steele	Chief Keeper

CENSUS

June 13 — July 13

High number	8117
Low number	4739
Received	22
Transferred In	1
Transferred Out	0
Discharged	7
Tickets-Of-Leave	15
Deported	9
Escapes	0
Deaths	0
Population	415

MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thought and action within the institution.

No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.

Mountain Echoes

Volume 9

June 1960

No. 11

STAFF

Editor: Don Hambleton

Business Manager: E.J. Albertini

Art Editor: Ralph Danton

Sports Editor: Christy Brown

Pressman: "Richie" Richardson

Compositor: Gene Hutchinson

Photographer C. LaVictoire

Cover by Danton

CONTENTS

One For All	Tony Anthony	2
Editorial		3
Today's Paradox	J. Wannop	4
Inside Chatter	L-314	6
Davie Fulton visits Stony	Wlg. Free Press	7
Busted Straights & Flushes	John the "Square"	8
Committee Chit-Chat	Committee	10
Dear Editor	Slipshod Sam	11
It Seems to Me	"Richie" Richardson	12
Parole Officer's visit	Staff	14
From under Brown's Derby	John the "Square"	16
Dear God, Where Is My Son?	Tony Anthony	18
Field Day	Staff	19
Sports	"Christy" Brown	21
Penal Echoettes	Dave Windsor	24

Photo-engraving Courtesy of The Winnipeg Tribune, Wpg. Man.

Mountain Echoes is published monthly by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary. Subscription rates are \$1.00 yearly for 12 issues. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, 1951. Those wishing to subscribe may do so by addressing their remittances to Mountain Echoes, c/o The Warden, Box 101, Stony Mountain, Manitoba. Permission for reprinting any article is cordially granted.



One For All

Tony Anthony

I don't believe but half I see,

And nothing that I hear.

The way this world goes on about

Theres nothing really clear.

Each man he differs from the rest,

But not so one can see.

The world dictates that he be

A duplicate of me.

If mortal man should say, "I'm free!

I'll live just as I please."

The world, it quickly gathers strength

And knocks him to his knees.

The man he is, the inner man,

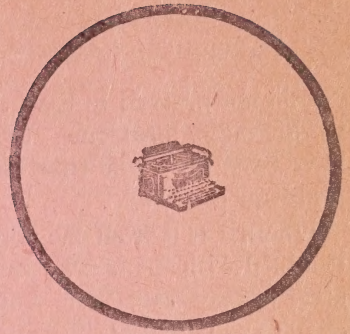
He curbs and throttles down,

Lest in this world of hypocrites,

To flounder, sink and drown.



EDITORIAL



There must be some reason, some cause, that will make a young man turn to a life of crime. What they are nobody can say for sure, but the general opinion of most of the people is the lack of parental supervision. Although this is not so in every case, it is in some. There is another reason too. This is too much supervision. These are just two of the causes. There are more but we are not sure what they are.

In the case of lack of parental supervision, the child is allowed to roam about at will. The things he will learn will most of the time be distorted, but because he is young he will likely believe them. This can be his first step towards a life that will see him in and out of prisons.

When there is too much supervision it can be even more harmful. When you keep telling a child "don't do this or don't do that" you could be pushing him into a life of crime without knowing it. If there is anything a child likes to do, it's something he has been forbidden to do. Although he is going to be punished for it, the prospect seems to be more thrilling. He will keep on doing it until he finally tires of it or some great trouble arises from it.

In both cases, when the child becomes so bad that he is picked up by the police, the parents use the same old saying, "where have I failed?" That is the question all parents would like an answer to.

What of the others not in this category? They have had a good home, they have been given every opportunity, yet they still end up turning to crime.

There is an answer somewhere but we have yet to find it. You cannot guess at this as it is too important. But seeing that all of us have a little bit of larceny in us, maybe we don't want the answer. It might embarrass us all.

We cannot condemn the other man for his crimes. We must help him. For in helping him, we could be helping ourselves. This is something to think about.

today's paradox- good or bad?

J. Wannop

I do not pretend to have the clarity of thinking or to have any answer to the world's major problems. In a sense, I might say that I rather envy those who have fixed ideas and therefore need not take the trouble to look deeper into the problems of today.

Whether it is from the point of view of some religion or ideology, they are not troubled with the mental conflicts which are always the accompaniment of the great ages of transition. And yet, even though it might be more comfortable to have fixed ideas and be complacent, surely that is not to be commended, as that can only lead to stagnation and decay. The basic fact of today is the tremendous pace in the change of human life. In my own life I have seen amazing changes, and I am sure that in the course of life of the next generation these changes will be even greater, if humanity is not overwhelmed and annihilated by an atomic war.

Nothing is so remarkable as the progressive conquest or understanding of the physical world by the mind of man today, and this progress is continuing at a terrific pace. Man need no longer be a victim of external circumstances, at any rate to a very large extent. While there has been this conquest of external condition, there is at the same time the strange spectacle of a lack of morale fibre and self-control in man as a whole. Conquering the physical world, he has failed to conquer himself.

That is the strange paradox of this atomic and sputnik age. The fact that the nuclear tests continue, even though it is well recognized they are harmful in the present and in the future; the fact that all kinds of weapons of mass destruction are being produced and piling up, even though it is universally recognized that their use may well exterminate the human race, brings out this paradox with startling clarity.

Science is advancing far beyond the comprehension of a very great part of the human race, and posing problems which most of us are incapable of understanding, much less solving. Hence the inner conflict and tumult of our time.

Religion comes into conflict with rationalization. The disciplines of religion, and social usage fade away giving place to other disciplines, moral and spiritual. Religion as practised either deals with matters unrelated to our normal life and thus adapts an ivory-tower attitude, or is allied to certain social usages which do not fit in with the present age. Rationalism, on the other hand, with all its virtues, somehow appears to deal with the surface of things, without covering the inner core. Science itself has arrived at a stage where vast new possibilities and mysteries loom ahead. Matter and energy and spirit seem to overlap.

In ancient days, life was simpler and more in contact with nature. Now it seems more complex and more and more hurried, without time for reflection or even

questioning. Scientific developments have produced an enormous surplus of power and energy which are often used for the wrong purposes.

The old question still faces us as it has faced all humanity for ages past: what is the meaning of life? The old days of faith do not seem to be adequate in this hanging world. Living should be a continuous adjustment to these changes and happiness. It is the lack of this adjustment that creates conflicts.

Religion gave a certain moral and spiritual discipline; it also tried to perpetuate superstition and social usages. Indeed, these superstition and social usages enmeshed and overwhelmed the real spirit of religion. Disillusionment followed.

Communism comes in the wake of disillusionment and offers some kind of faith and some kind of discipline. To some extent it fills a vacuum. It succeeds, in some measure, by giving a content to man's life. But, in spite of this rigidity, even more so because it ignores certain essential needs of human nature.

Communism has definitely allied itself to the approach of violence, even if it does not indulge normally in physical violence. Its language is of violence, its thoughts are of violence and it does not seek to change by persuasion or peaceful, democratic pressure, but by corrosion, and, indeed by destruction and extermination.

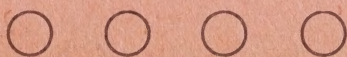
This is completely opposed to the peaceful approach Gandhi taught us. Communists as well as anti-communists, seem to imagine that a principle can be stoutly defended by the language of violence, and by condemning those who do not accept it. For both of them there are no shades; only black and white. This is the old approach of the bigoted aspects of some religions.

It is the approach of tolerance, of the feeling that perhaps others might have some share of the truth also. Speaking for myself, I find this approach totally unscientific, unreasonable and uncivilized, whether it is applied in the realm of religion or economic theory or anything else. I prefer the old pagan approach of tolerance, apart from its religious aspects.

The law of life should not be the competition of acquisitiveness but co-operation the good of each contributing to the good of all. In such a society the emphasis will be on duties, not on rights; the rights will follow the performance of the duties. We have to give a new direction to education and evolve new types of humanity.

It is clear that, in the final analysis, it is the quality of the human being that counts. It is man that builds up the wealth of a nation, as well as its cultural progress. Hence, education and health are of high importance so as to produce that quality in human beings. We have to suffer also, from lack of resources, but still we have always to remember that it is right education and good foundation for economic as well as cultural and spiritual progress.

We have always to remember the basis of peaceful means; and perhaps we might also keep in view the old pedantic ideal of the life force which is the inner basis of everything that exists.



INSIDE CHATTER

With the possible exception of recent visits by Mr. J.A. Edmison, Western Representative of the National Parole Board and Mr. Davie Fulton, Minister of Justice OR the infrequent appearance of "veal cutlets" on the chow line the other A.M., the big splash locally the past month was undoubtedly the Field Day on July 1st.

And to coin an old phrase, 'a big splash it was.' Even the weatherman was cooperative and bright sunshine spilled over the high wall all afternoon.

The boys on the Committee went all out this year and their efforts (at least to my way of thinking) garnered the whole-hearted approval of the 400 plus inside these walls.

As usual, local athletes were given an opportunity to strut their stuff and "strut" they did—some, even as far as the winners circle. While a few of the less fortunate managed to stifle their disappointment in not winning by stuffing themselves with assorted bon-bons plus the traditional field day hot dogs served in the yard all day.

The oldsters and non-athletic managed to get into the swing of things by indulging in the less strenuous game of good old fashioned Bingo; with prizes consisting of Leather Purses, boxes of Chocolates and similar items.

All in all, "the joint was jumping."

INSIDE GLIMPSES: Big 'Ozark' Whiteley unveiling enviable talent and amazing versatility in copping the 'Athlete of the Day' award... Chip and Willie Benning combining 'know how and savvy' to outclass most of their younger competitors... Jerrie Huppie, a two-legged 'Citation' if there ever was one showing his heels to all rivals in the dashes... Big Monty (Montgomery) running off events with the aplomb of a professional... Kenny Ducharme romping home in the gruelling half-mile by a comfortable but contorted length... Dave Keichie nosing out the favored Barker in the Pie-eating contest. (It might be noted too that Barker had a tremendous advantage over his rival—Keichie having the smaller mouth!) Norm Nelson uncorking a towering heave in the ball throw to win the event hands down... John Coughlin handling the P.A. 'mike' like a polished veteran... Ross, galloping across the wire like a youngster in the old mens race... Beck, tossing the 59 lb. hammer around like it was a baseball... Johnny Popowich and his leafs coming within an ace of upsetting Rocky Danton's favored Cards... Woods, Laroque and Dawson getting arm-weary from doling out hot-dogs and hamburgers all afternoon... Big Tony Sawchuk going hoarse from bellowing out numbers for the Bingo enthusiasts... Vince Marrese making the circuit packing a camera... Eddie Hashka contributing his muscles to the tug-a-war event. (You guessed it, his team lost!)



DAVIE FULTON VISITS STONY

Bob Noble—Winnipeg Free Press

The editor of the Mountain Echoes, published by inmates of Stony Mountain Penitentiary, scooped the town Monday with an interview with Hon. Davie Fulton, minister of justice. The editor, identified only by a number on his prison uniform, was granted the interview by the minister who was touring the prison during a one-day stopover in Winnipeg.

He was asked by the editor if he thought an eight-hour work day for the prisoners might aid in doing more to rehabilitate them and prepare them for skilled jobs when they are released.

"What is your own opinion about that?" Mr. Fulton asked the editor.

"Well, from the men I've talked to, they think it might be better from an adjustment angle," replied the editor.

"I agree," the minister said, "that the emphasis should be on employment, especially where skilled trades can be learned, and not just on high walls and barred cells. The eight-hour day would do much to accomplish this but we have other problems such as accommodation — we need more shops, more tools, and perhaps more pre-release camps where such work could be provided."

He was told by the editor that the prisoners now work four or five hours daily.

Mr. Fulton, accompanied by warden Charles DesRosier and a group of visitors from press, radio and TV, toured the institution from 3 to 5 p.m.

He found graduates of an auto mechanics class getting practical experience by working on cars and trucks belonging to the prison. Some special jobs were being done on employees cars with payment for such jobs going into the prisoner's fund.

In the carpentry shop men were working on screen windows and other articles for the government Indian schools and for the prison itself. Two skilled boat builders were finishing a 12-foot boat.

The furniture repair section and the tailor shop were also visited.

In the large kitchen and bake shop Mr. Fulton got a spoonful or two of some of the food being prepared for Monday night's dinner. The menu for the evening meal was breaded pork cutlets, macedoine vegetables, home-fried potatoes, stewed rhubarb, cookies, bread and butter, sugar, tea or milk.

He was told that the bake shop, in addition to cookies and pies on occasion, turns out 320 loaves of bread daily with a double batch twice weekly.

The cell blocks revealed neatly kept cells with evidence that many of the inmates do handicraft work in their quarters at night. Many had family pictures and other mementoes and one inmate had a tank of goldfish and guppies.

The two chapels, the library and two school class rooms were also visited. Mr. Fulton was most impressed with a new idea at Stony Mountain — the pre-release dormitory. This is a large room housing some 45 men due for release within the next few months and is outside the prison walls.

The long room with tiled floor, cots with bedding stacked neatly in army style, a dining section and cafeteria - type counter where the men line up for their food also contains individual lockers for the inmates, television set, games and books.

Chatting with the editor of the prison paper before leaving. Mr. Fulton found that 600 copies were published by the prisoners in their own shop once a month. The editor formerly worked in a printing plant.

BUSTED STRAIGHTS & FLUSHES

John the Square

LETTERS, WE GET LETTERS!

First Letter: I was in the courtroom, when they handed you your time
I saw your eyes cloud over, but the teardrops fell from mine
This afternoon on the radio, I heard them play our song
And I'll wait for you forever, if it doesn't take too long

Second Letter: Your Lawyer came 'round to see me, he really is your friend
I'm coming up to see you, but God knows when
Every time I start to make the trip, something comes along
But I'll wait for you forever, if it doesn't take too long

Third Letter: Gee, I'm awfully lonely, there isn't much to do
I see your friends each time I'm out, they always ask of you
I'll be glad when you are out of there, and we're together again
The things I want so bad to say, will have to wait til then

Fourth Letter: Sorry I didn't write last weekend, but I went out for a change
And enjoyed myself at a party, the feeling was real strange
To enjoy myself without you, I never thought I'd do
So please forgive my not writing, I'll make it up to you

Fifth Letter: I'm coming up to see you, and I won't have to take a bus
I met a guy with a car at the party, he's nice, his name is Gus
He offered to drive me up there, I knew you wouldn't mind
In a way he reminds me a lot of you, he's thoughtful and he's kind

Committee Chit-Chat

Ray Merasy

Ed Hashka

Ivan Brown

We would like to express our thanks and appreciation to all those who so generously donated to make our Feild Day a success.

Moores Taxi

7 Up Co.

Uptown Beverages

Orange Crush Ltd.

Swifts Ltd.

Coco Cola Co.

Crescent Creamery

Mr. Phelan

Burns Ltd.

Canada Packers

Police Athletic Assoc.

Universal Fruit

Wm. Neilson Ltd.

Dominion Motors

Lowneys Chocolates

T. Eaton Co.

H.B.C. (Wholesale)

Western Grocers

Brewery Products

Galperns Candy Co.

J.A. McKenzie Ltd.

Tucketts Ltd.

Imperial Tobacco

Soo Line Mills

Paulin Chambers

Rogers Fruit Co.

Modern Dairy

Father Bedford

Rev. G. McNeill

DEAR EDITOR;



Oh justice, an' you know what? I wrote a cute little poem the other day an' I'm jest bustin' to tell it to somebuddy. Do you want to hear it? Okay? Okay.

Here in these cold gray walls,
As soon as thet darkness falls,
Prisner to prisner calls.
Volleys of thunder! !

Sounds like a musical flute;
Then a ferry boats mellow toot;
Eureka! a twenty-one gun salute!

Wretched halls? . . I wonder. . .

Now I ain't Sherlock Holmes, but I set out to find
The source of thet fog thet blurs eye an' mind;
The result of thet search thet I made by fair means;
Too much of thet stuff — — Pork and Beans! ! !

Oh justice! I'm really feelin' my beans tonight pardner. There must of been a couple of large cans on thet there dinner tray thet I killed 'bout an hour ago, an' I got thet gawsh awful nice contented full feelin'. Pardon me now, Mr. Ed., but I jest got to answer thet there guy down the hall. Okay? Okay. There now, I'm back.

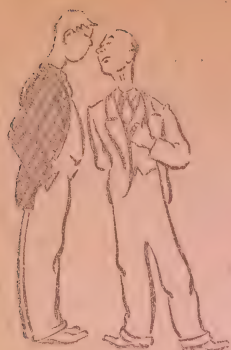
There's a guy down the range from me thet got a fiddle an' I can't figure if he's playin' it or if one of his gold-fish has got loose an' is scratchin' his scales on it. Anyhow, it reminds me of last Xmas time when I was roomin' on the M range. There was a fella over there thet had a fiddle too, an' one night when everything wuz real quiet he played one real fast tune so cottin pickin' loud them there guys in the hole wuz waltzin' with the hacks. An' when he finished thet there tune all the tenderfeet were hollerin' an' clappin' fer more. But thet there fiddlin' fella wasn't listenin' to them. He wuz too busy smashin' thet there fiddle an' sech into small little tooth picks. An' you know what? Thet wuz the only fiddlin' fella I ever knew thet took thet breakdown thing real serious like. The sad part of it is thet the fella thet could really play the darn thing could only stand one tune himself. Oh well, maybe this other tenderfoot don't know no breakdowns.

Right now I'm wonderin' jest what in blue-blazin-moscow them there guys in Ottawa are goin' to do with thet hangin' business of theres. I would like to tell them thet's on the Deaf side, an' them thet ain't, to do the hangins themselves. I don't hanker with hirin' somebuddy to do a job an' then be so ashamed of thet job thet we can't stand to hear his name or see his kisser. Anyhow, I don't suppose them there Deaf fellas would listen to me, so I'll jest forget it. Okay? Okay.

A young bird in the tailor shop wuz rubbin' his hands together when he said: "Oh Boy! Only one more day of school an' then we get holidays." Oh well, Au Revoir young bird, an' when you go drivin' on your holidays—don't be scared to put that there gas pedal to the floor. 'Cause oh justice! there ain't nobuddy gonna charge you for speedin' on thet there sewing machine!

See you around pardner,

Slipshod Sam



"It Seems To Me...."

Richie Richardson

...that one of the hardest tasks in this old world is writing for a penal mag. The subjects that the writers find interesting enough to write about is usually found by the Editorial or Censor boards to be too controversial to print. Consequently many of the magazines of the circuit have nothing to comment on other than their time or how hard done by they are, thus they are scorned by the out-side world and labeled "cry-sheets."

...that my old blood brother "Barney the Bookie" shouldn't have too much trouble with that year he has. Understand that after only a few short weeks he is already known as Mr. Copper Worker of the joint.

...that long Ted Horbas, was a wee bit too happy to see old hammering Spike struggling in to finish his poll time. Big Ted is the coach of the S.M.P. Giants this year and Spike was the Home-Run King of the team last season. Heard a rumor the old love bug had bit Spike out side so maybe he has lost the interest in hitting the long ball he had before.

...that Dave Windsor and the other aspiring radio announcers here owe a large vote of thanks to Bill Trebliece and Radio Station C.K.Y. for all the help they have received. By the way Bill, how's about speaking to Doug Barrows re his sign-off record.

...that the way these old peace talks (?) are going it is a toss up to which will come first, the end of my bit or World War 3. I can't figure out just how those people get such a kick out of threatening to blow the whole "cotton pick-in" world to Kingdom come.

...that in the book "World Behind Bars" by Louis Berg, M.D. I read another good reason for the abolishment of capitol punishment. "Capitol Punishment has never seemed right to me. Surely today, we have come far from the law based upon 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth' Why should the state take away something it cannot replace? If a mistake were made and an innocent man executed—how could it be rectified?" This particular book was written in the late 1930's and surely we have come farther out of the "Dark Ages" since that time.

...that if the Dept. of Justice is really anxious to Rehabilitate, its first act should be to revise the rules pertaining to visits. Presently, we are allowed ½ hour visit per month with our loved ones. This, I think, should be extended

PAROLE OFFICER VISITS STONY.

"I want to assure you that you have a lot of people here working on your behalf." These were the words of Mr. J.A. Edmison, western representative of the National Parole Board. The occasion was a meeting held here on the afternoon of June 17th. The men involved in the meeting were men who had been sentenced under the Habitual Criminal Act and men doing life sentences.

Mr. Edmison, along with Mr. Remple, local parole officer, answered questions asked by the inmates. The whole meeting was taken down on tape and then typed out for the Echoes. Here are some of the questions and the answers.

Q. Since this Habitual came out in 1947, I understood it was for every well-known criminal, yet only a chosen few have gotten the habitual out of all, well you might say, the Dominion of Canada. At the present time there's eleven of us here from the City of Winnipeg, and I'm quite sure there's a lot more that have worse records than we in here. But I was just wondering if there was going to be an amendment to that, or is it just for drug addicts alone?

EDMISON: I understand that that question concerns you, but actually on the Parole Board we don't know, you see, after all we just deal with the decisions of the Courts as they come through, and I can't give you a useful answer on that. All I can say on behalf of the Parole Board, all I can promise, is that any application from a man sentenced under the Habitual Criminal Act is going to be given very fair consideration, but as to them coming from this part of Canada or the other, we don't look at that. And it's really not in our province, because we can't look actually into what the Courts do.

Q. I'd like to ask you something in relation to the sentencing of habituals. If a person should receive a sentence of, say, seven years plus the habitual, is that merely a reflection of his record, or can he conceivably be released before that time? Depending on his outlook and attitude.

EDMISON: The Parole Board, as I said, is very flexible; we can make our own rules and we could conceivably release that man at any time.

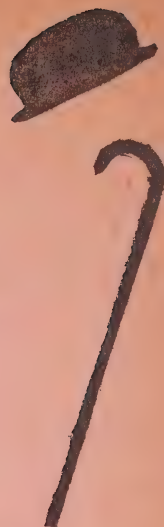
Q. I'd like to put this question to you. In a case where there's been amnesty granted, by the Queen, has that any effect on habitual criminals or lifers? I mean in considering a man for parole whether you would take that in their favour as part time?

EDMISON: I don't think it would be considered. I mean we would weigh all these things, but on technically taking off the days I don't think we do, do we? No, but at the same time it's in the picture. We know that these amnesties have gone, and we know all about this, and that's weighed in the consideration. Mr. Remple has something to add.

REMPLE: Under the Remission Service a lifer used to be eligible after fifteen years, but because of these amnesties coming in they reduced it first of all to thirteen and a half, and later on to twelve. So that has been the effect on the life sentence under the Remission Service.

FROM UNDER BROWN'S DERBY!

John the Square



Greetings to all you Hipsters, Flipsters, Finger-popping Daddies 'n way out Chicks. To the Man about Midnight (Doug. Burrows) CKY....Bless you Man! I thank you for spinning an Ahmed Jamal side on the show of May 4th.

May your back never bend, may your beard never whiten 'n may your shadow never grow less.

My vote for the luckiest "Cat" in the "Joint" goes to Marrese. If any of you "Kitties" are lucky enough to be in the "Promised land" the next time this cat cops a visit, you'll dig what I'm souding about. Like WOW!

Have you dug the picture of Huey Long's like-new Corvair, that he's passing around in hopes of a sale?

Here's a "nervous" recipe for a hangover. Take the juice of two mickies....

When I get outa here, I'm going to get caught speeding 'n act like I'm "twisted." I wanna dig one of them seven day gigs for drunk driving. I want to find out what it's like to go to "bat" on Monday morning 'n "spring" on Friday morning, 'n not only in the same year or month, but the very same week! It must be "insane!"

The prison cat (not to be confused with hip people) recently had kittens. (also not to be confused with "swinging" people) I've been here a few months, 'n I've yet to see another feline in here. This really hangs me up, because everybody knows that a She-cat needs a He-cat to begat.

Now that the mortal existance of C. Chessman is no longer in debate, I want to go on record 'n say that his execution was a terrible waste. A far better alternative would have been to sit him inside a Moon bound Cape Canaveral Express. If he lived in outer space, crazy! If he was never heard from again, crazy! If these trips were reserved for Adolph Eichman's "skin hiesters" 'n finks, a lot of innocent monkies could be saved.

This will probably sound like I've "flipped", but I really miss watching the Huckleberry Hound show. If you haven't dug it, dig it. It's a gas!

Did you know that Con's can send 'n receive Birthday 'n Xmas cards from anyone? Nuff said.....

Prison graveyards that I've seen are dismal places. When a convict "flips out" they simply burn the cons number on a wooden cross 'n that's it. To rectify this, how about:

In box below, lies "Blow 'em Lou"
Opened everything he ran into.
He beat "bugs" 'n locks 'n any "Pete",
But this is one box he won't beat!
Or:
Beneath this sod, lies "Penman Twitty,"
Who dropped bad paper in every city.
We've also buried his chequebook 'n pen.
He'll never cash a bouncer again.

Or:
Here lies the body of an old old crook,
Who passed away while doing the book.
No one claimed his body 'n no one cried,
And he'll only be missed by his friends inside.

This could even be applied outside to those whose demise was the result of some felonious endeavor. How about these:

Here lies the body of "Second Story Jock,"
Who fell from the roof of an apartment block.
Or:
Beneath this stone lies "Thieving Al."
Shot down dead for "H O-ing" a pal.
To bad he wasn't straighter 'n wiser
Then he wouldn't now be fertilizer.
see grave next row over.

Here lies the remains of "Shotgun Ben,"
Who shot down dead a cheating friend.
He was hung at Headingly Goal,
Now they're partners again, shoveling coal.
And finally, how about this gem?
Here lies what's left of burglar Drew,
Who broke into the City Zoo
He mistakenly opened the Tiger's door,
And burglar Drew's not around no more.

Overheard a statement made by a mountaineer to a 'cat' who was "hitting the bricks" on the next A.M., that he couldn't understand why anyone would get "shook up" about cutting outta here, because *he'd* been short so many times that the "novelty" had worn off. Man this cat is "something else!" I'm wearing my fourth set of Big House "plates," 'n believe me the novelty never wears off. Release day, for me, is the only bright day out of a succession of drab, dreary

Continued on inside back cover

"Dear God,

Where Is My Son?"

Tony Anthony

Somewhere a mother sits alone. There is an aching in her heart and a lonely emptiness about her. She is waiting for her son. Patiently, passively she waits. She knows not where her boy has gone. She knows only that she loves him.

Each morning her pillow is damp from the tears she has shed throughout the night. Each restless night is the same as the one before it. Always there are the same careful preparations before retiring. The turning on of the front light so that he may see his way. The pot of coffee prepared and the fixing of a sandwich. He always liked his coffee and sandwich before going to bed. The final look at his room to see that it is ready for him. The prayer for his safe return as she kneels at her bedside. And finally the long frustrating night. The starting at each creak of the house, always fearful that she might miss his first moment of return. And forever the agony of not knowing. Where is he? Where could he have gone? Why was there no letter? Dear God, what has happened to my boy?

The days are as bad as the nights. She has moved the table from the center of the room to a position where she can look directly into the front street. Here she sips her coffee and stares hungrily out upon the passing parade of early morning workers. There is always, without fail, at least one breath-taking, heart-jolting moment as a figure comes swaggering down the street with exactly that cock-of-the-walk gait of her son. It is followed with a throat constricting gasp as the figure passes by.

Where dear God, is my son?

She is ever fearful of leaving her neat little bungalow. Might not her son return while she is out and think her no longer living here? Her needs are small and the telephone and delivery service are enough to supply her wants. She spends her day fussing around the house, always within easy reach of a window facing the front walk,

Her hair has turned from lustrous blue-black to silver. Her peach blossom cheeks to wrinkled leather. And in her gentle old eyes there is a hungry, pained expression. So long she has waited. So many, many years. Someday, somehow, she would have her son again. Life was so empty without her boy.

Dear God, where is my son?



CARDS TOP TEAM

19-FIELD DAY-60

WHITELY WINS "ATHLETE OF THE DAY" AWARD

With bright sunshine pouring down and the prison yard 'alive' with gay coloring and bustling activity, Stony Mountain Penitentiary's Tenth Annual Field Day concluded in a burst of applause and a blaze of glory for long, lean and versatile 'Ozark' Whiteley, who's scintillating performance on the field all afternoon garnered him top spot among the athletes and subsequently, the 'big guy' was awarded the coveted Athlete of the Day Trophy.

Four firsts, two seconds and three thirds were the stepping stones that enabled him to capture the coveted Award.

Close on the big guys heels in the race for top honors was Jerrie Huppie, a classy speedster who sparkled in the running events and just missed copping the high rung by a scant few points.

DANTON COPS McKINNY TROPHY

With three teams of athletes competing for the Team Trophy and three separate Team Captains waging an all out battle for athletic supremacy, Rocky Danton, Captain of the Cardinal squad emerged the victor as he guided his charges to a narrow win over Willie Benning's power-laden Bucs. And Benning in turn managed to nose out Johnny Popowich's fast-closing Leafs to nail down place position.

Huppie and Nelson supplied the punch for the victorious Cards with a combined total of 76 points while Benning, the Captain of the Bucs squad led his team in the point parade with 27. Whiteley, with 4 firsts and the Athlete of the Day was the big gun for the tail-end Leafs.

Spills, thrills and hot-dogs were the order of the day with visiting dignitaries sharing the spotlight with starry athletes—as well as the overly popular concession booths.

WARDEN PRESENTS TROPHYS

Following the last scheduled event Warden DesRosiers addressed the throng over the P.A. and commented on the prowess of the athletes as well as commending the men who were responsible for making the occasion the success it was.

Rocky Danton was then called forward by the Warden to accept in behalf of his squad the Alex Turk Trophy, presented annually to the winning team. After a spasmodic 'thank you' in behalf of his team members, the Warden presented the Rock with the McKinney & Co. Trophy, awarded annually to the pilot of the winning squad. A box of chocolates and the Warden's hearty congratulations followed the presentation.

Next called to the mike was the Athlete of the Day and Big 'Ozark' stepped forward to receive the Rene Diette Trophy, a box of chocolates and the congratulations of Warden DesRosiers, who commented highly on the big guy's athletic prowess.

Following is the official list of winners and events in the order of appearance:

EVENT	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD
Base Running:	Huppie	G. Mitchell	Yogi
56 Lb. Throw:	Beck	Bevan	Whiteley
Sack Race:	Stewart	Ducharme	O'Kipnik
220 Yard Dash:	Huppie	G. Mitchell	Meccas
Baseball Throw:	Nelson	Whiteley	F. Mitchell
100 Yard Dash:	Huppie	Nelson	Wolfe
Shot Putt:	Benning	Bevan	Whiteley
Discus Throw:	Whiteley	Benning	F. Mitchell
Hammer Throw:	Benning	Whiteley	Stewart
Hop Step & Jump:	Whiteley	Huppie	G. Mitchell
Standing Broad Jump:	Whiteley	Huppie	Nelson
Running Broad Jump:	Huppie	Chip	Whiteley
High Jump:	Whiteley	Chip	Wolfe
½ Mile Race:	Ducharme	Wolfe	Ferguson
440 Yard Relay:	Cardinals		
Wheel Barrow Race:	Hashka & LeFrbve		
Tug O War (semi-finals):	Cardinals		
Tug O War (finals):	Buccaneers		
Hurdles:	Cardinals		
Horse & Rider Tug:	Schwartz & G. Mitchell		
50 Yard Dash(old men):	Ross		
Three Legged Race:	Stewart & Severight		

.....

A special vote of thanks is extended to the following men for contributing their time and effort in making the day the success it was: Knobby, P. Corbett Larry, Southerland, Danton, Benning, Popowich, Lexier, R. Evans, Herman, Montgomery, Albertini, Chisholm, Moore, Hambleton, Turner, Lahoski, Drowzy Humicky, Condon, Holland, Zadorozny, Heals, Windsor, Coughlin, Bonney, Woods, Laroque, Dawson, Seibel, Mooney and Saunders.

Thanks is also extended to 'Little' Tony Sawchuk for contributing his voice in calling Bingo.

Grateful acknowledgement also goes out to Warden C. E. DesRosiers for making the presentations.

SPORTS

All-Stars

WEST END TANKS 8 GIANTS 7

Sunday the 5th of June, the West End Tanks came in to meet the Giants in a thriller that looked like the first Giant win when the Giants had a four run lead on the visitors, but in a hard fought struggle the Tankers came out on top in the tenth to wrap it up 8 to 7.

In the first Wilson scored on a Carmichael double for the Tankers. The penmen came up with two runs in the bottom of the first when Spike Watcher doubled to send Knobbby home; John Popowich sacrificed Huppie in to make it Giants 2 W.E.T. 1

In the third Bob Neillings homered with Wilson aboard to put the visitors in front again, 3-2.

In the fifth, the 'joint' came on again. Baluk singled and Bill Pollock doubled sending Baluk home standing up. Huppie sent Pollock home with a hot single that made it W.E.T 3 Giants 4. In the bottom of the sixth, the penmen added to their lead. With none out and Phil Boily on third, Larry on second, Condon on first, Baluk doubled sending in Larry and Boily: Pollock then drew a walk to load the bases again. Huppie sacrificed Condon home, and the next two batters washed away. Giants 7 W.E.T. 3.

In the eighth, W.E.T's Ab McDonald (who is a hockey player with Montreal Canadians) doubled, and Whitlaw doubled to score Ab: Passey walked, Tom Hannason singled driving in Whitlaw. Westman singled, but Passey was called out at the plate and Hannason was caught in a run down: Two away, then Devonouno and Wilson singled and Westman came home; then Neillings doubled and Devonouno scooted home to tie up the ball game at 7-7.

In the top of the tenth, the first W.E.T. batter walked, two sacrifices pushed him around to third, where Whitlaw, with a single scored him and gave the W. E. Tankers a victory, because the Giants were dispatched in order in the bottom of the inning.

GIANTS BREAK LOSING STREAK

FORT GARRY BREWERY 7 GIANTS 10

Sunday June 12th, the Giants were host to the Beermen of Fort Garry and were able to come out on top. It was a scorcher of a day with nary a cloud in sight and the sun proved to be a hazard to players of both sides.

In the first, Church walked and sacrifices got him home. Frontier 1 Giants 0.

In the third Frontier came up with six big runs, with Church, Henderson and Paget tripling and Chopp doubling to make it a 7-0 ball game.

In the bottom of the third, Proulx doubled, Pollock hit into a fielders choice

and the visitors nailed Proulx at third. They didn't put out the spark though, Phil Boily walked and big gun Watcher doubled, driving in two Giant runs.

The fourth inning saw the penmen come back when singles by Larry, Condon, Baluk, Proulx, Pollock and Boily gave the Penmen 4 runs.

In the sixth Proulx walked, and the Giants big man of the day, Bill Pollock walloped a homer to make it Giants 8 Frontier 7. The beermen looked like they were going to call on the services of Ron (Jeep) Morlock, but they didn't and the Giants added to their lead in the last of the seventh when Larry singled. Baluk doubled him home and then scored on a sacrifice. The visitors never recovered and went down in order in the eighth and ninth.

MONTE CASINO 1 GIANTS 11

Sight unseen I thought that the visiting team were representatives of some gambling joint somewhere in the Peg., however they are a right smart ball club and they are sponsored by a Canadian Legion by the name. The first three innings were scoreless but in the bottom of the fourth the Giants exploded.

Umphreys walked, Baluk singled, Proulx singled driving in a run. Gendron got to first on an error then Huppie sacrificed to score Baluk. Watcher singled and then came the big Popowich who rifled a homer into the Hospital to scratch one glass window. Giants 6, Monte Casino 0.

The Legionaires fought back and Hart walked, then stole second and was rescued by Doug McDonald who sacrificed him home. Monte Casino 1, Giants 6.

In the bottom of the sixth Larry got on on an error and managed to get to the plate before the third out. Giants 7, Monte Casino 1.

In the bottom of the seventh, Sandy Condon, Spike Watcher, Larry, Hayden, Baluk, Proulx and Monte collaborated and when the third out was made the Giants had grabbed 4 runs and Mgr. Ted Horbas never looked happier. Giants 10, Monte Casino 1.

Huppie doubled, and was sent home to score when Condon sacrificed. And that was all the scoring of this game. Final score: Giants 11, Monte Casino 1.

It must be said in all fairness to the visitors that this game was played on the hottest day I've seen in here. However, I think that Saturday night might have had something to do with the visitors ability, as for the Numbered ones, Saturday night is merely another long evening spent in a cell.

The pitchers for M.C. were Ron (Jeep) Morlock & Pelechosky. Gendron and Monty for Giants. The umpires were "Weak Eyes" Chisholm, Mel Rowden and Don (Sand in his eyes) Moore.

CONS ROUT GUARDS 19-5

During night exercise on June 13th., the administrators came up with eleven guards to contest the prison minor league all-stars. The guards started off with a bang holding a 2 run lead for 2 innings, but the cons finally got in gear and swamped the guards by 19 to 5.

There was much good natured ribbing of both sides by the con spectators, and everyone who was out to see the spectacle enjoyed themselves. Ancient Allan clouted one to deep left and was able to turn it into a homer, but as he crossed the plate, the relayed ball hit him in the 'skonch', and he went down for a nine count, before bobbing to his feet with a grin, which was loudly applauded by the spectators.

For the guards, Keeper Black did most of the hurling and was nearly knocked off the hill when a couple of his pitches were lined right back at him. However the only injury he sustained was to his prestige as a pitcher.

STONY MOUNTAIN HIT PARADE MAJOR LEAGUE

1	Hayden	.454
2	Meccas	.429
3	McLean	.414
4	Condon	.363
5	Popowich	.361
6	Huppie	.353
7	Watcher	.306
8	Baluk	.300
9	Yogi	.277
10	Pollock	.265

MINOR LEAGUE

1	C. Allen	.562
2	Hamilton	.526
3	Richardson	.500
4	Yokety	.500
5	Hutchinson	.500
6	Berryman	.470
7	Corbett	.450
8	Zelinski	.436
9	Kelly	.421
10	E. Mitchell	.400

PENAL ECHOETTES

D. Windsor

K. P. Telescope: re: April issue. "Ties That Bind" by Jack McDonald. "To the prison inmate the most important thing in his daily existence is his contact with his family and loved ones in the free world. In most cases such contact can only be by correspondence.

Several American penal institutions allow a maximum of eight postage-free letters per month, and in addition, allow inmates to write another eight letters on which they pay the postage themselves. The establishment of such a system here is within the realm of possibility, and would prove to be nothing but beneficial.

.....An inmate who is married, and the father of children, would naturally wish freedom to write to his wife, and children more than once a week. Under present restrictions, he would not be able to do so and still reply to equally important letters from his parents, sisters, brothers etc. In order to do so he would have to sacrifice the weekly letter to his wife — this is no small sacrifice.

Hooray for Jack MacDonald! Four (4) letters a month, huh!

The Angolite: Send my congratulations to the April Dawn. See them in another mag. We're putting the Willows on our mailing list and hope they enjoy the interesting reading we have in store. Rumors DO get tedious, don't they Tex? By the way, "consistent" means: compatible, not contradictory, (with); (of person) constant to same principles. This is no rumor, though, Tex, when we say we enjoy your magazine immensely.

The Recount: Say! In this (Anniversary Issue) a new format! Very G! Congratulations on the anniversary and continued success in your endeavors.

Brown's Derby (continued)

months, in which I wake up every morning thinking Hebrew's 13th chapter: 8th verse. If there ever was a statement which describes a prison, it is it. For those who've never dug it, it's somewhere between the feeling you get when you make that last payment on your car, 'n the feeling you get when you've just got a divorce from an unpalatable spouse.

Greetings and Salutations:

COAST: To;

The Scott's, Jones's, Boogie 'n Rosie Toussant, out in "Stuffville."

FLATS: To;

Frank Dennis, Shoogie 'n Fat Doug, at Headingly. Al Wade 'n Donny Dodd at P.A. Ricky Henderson, Pete, Monk, 'n Olie. Marilyn, Betty 'n Roberta, plus those nice folks at 1044.

EAST: To;

Carl Brennan, Billy MacIssac, Ted Ramsey from the smiling barber Sir Harry The Horse. Some of the cats at King & Palace Rd., Chuck Cross, Luke Baxter, Leo Servant, Lou Southerly, Red Beaver, Yonkle, The Stan's, Jones & (Kaintuck) Edwards, Dinty Moore, Rocky T., Nate Moore, 'n Donny Cuthbertson, from me. Some of the chicks on Palace Rd., Little Betty Richards, Cathy Pilling, 'n Dot (that much for \$11.?) Chaney. Wm. O'Sullivan at St. Vincent, What you doing down there Wm.? To Joy, Cyclone 'n Carole, sorry but cannot write. To Ralph (Boogie) Carter, wherever he may be.

OUTSIDE THE WALL
YOU'LL HEAR THE CALL
THE "MOUNTAIN ECHOES"
IS "BEST" OF ALL!

Mountain Echoes Subscription Blank
Rates For One Year Subscription (\$1.00)

Name

Address

City

Province

Mail care of Warden, Box 101, Stony Mountain, Man.